

THE
Map of Misery,
AND THE
Sinners Plea.

By G. T.

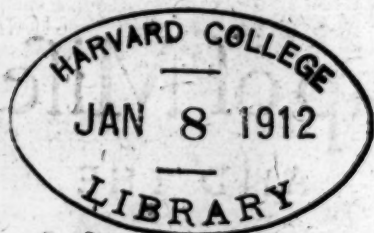
Lament. Ier. chap. 1. ver. 12.

*Invenimini, & videte, an sit dolor,
per dolore meo.*



L O N D O N
Printed for R. HARPER, 1650.

14455.44.9*



*Gift of
Charles Jackson
of
Boston*

To his good Friends.



Any yeaves are now past ; since I
first Groaned under the heavy
burden of my strong Afflictions ;
and although the World,
that are ignorant of mee , may
censure hard of the cause from the Sad effect ;
yet you that have knowne me , can better vindicate
me in your favourable Opinions. To You
therefore I rather appeale then to them , and to
your view present this Map of my Misery ;
wherein you may see both what I was , and what
I am. Read , and judge ; and as your favourable
Interpretation shall invite you , continue
him still in the list of your Love , that lives ,

Your faithfull, though
unhappy Servant,

GILES TOOKER,

1

A Wake thou heaviest Muse that ever sung,
 A note of Woe in Elegiacke straine,
 Sadder then Those whose harps on willowes hung,
 Or His whose Eyes for Sin gush't out amain:
 -Sound to the world thy Tunes of sad Despair;
 Tunes all compos'd of Sorrow, Grief, and Care.

2

In this Sad night, begin thy Wofull worke,
 Now all the face of heaven is hung with Black:
 Now every star behind a Cloud doth lurk,
 And I alone a peacefull Rest doe lack: (mine,
 Now all are husht, but such, whose grieve like
 Keeps waking with the noise of Care and Sin.

3

This Care, and Griefe, and Sin, so heavy lye
 Upon my Soule, that I can hardly speake
 To thee, (my God) to whom I fain would crye:
 And if I cry not then my Heart must break:
 But yet a broken Heart thou'lt not despise,
 My God: break then poor Heart, cry Tongue, weep
 (Eyes.

4

Come, Thou Searcher of each secret thought,
 Infuse in mee thy all-effecting Grace;
 Shall my Worke to good effect be brought,
 While I call back my ugly Sins a space,
 Wherewith my Soul's so stain'd, as nothing may,
 But Blood and Water wash Her spots away.

O

5

O that the learned Poets of the time,
(That in a Love-sick line so well indite)
Would not consume Good Wit in wanton rime;
But on some better Subject fall, and write:
For if their Musique please in Earthly things:
How would it sound, if strain'd in Heavenly strings!

6

But Worldly things do best please Worldy men,
That nere could sing the songs of Sions hill:
Nor *Dauids* Heart to frame. nor *Dauids* Pen
To Write have they; nor have they *Dauids* will:
Those that do doat on Earth's possession,
Think Heaven a Dream, & but discourt for fashio.

7

Such is the nature of our foolish kinde,
When practic'd Sin hath taken up the Heart:
The way to Pennance due, is hard to finde:
For Sinners love not to endure the Smart.
Their Saviours Yoke's too hard; His burden great
They thinke; his food too coarse for them to eat.

8

O enter not my Soule into their way!
Returne, returne, for thou hast dwelt too long
In the darke Night of Sin, and now the Day,
And Light appeare: Oh couldst thou sing the Song
Of Joy! after thy Griets have broke thy Heart:
Too largely then rewarded were thy Smart.

A 3

Come

9

Come finde the way, with Sorrow-rented Heart;
 With swollen Eyes, and Hands upreard to Heaven,
 To act the grieved Maries sadder Part,
 That would Weep streams of Blood to be forgiven:
 But Oh! I feare my Eyes are drain'd too dry,
 That though I would, yet now I cannot cry.

10

If any Eye therefore can spare a Teare,
 To fill the Fountains that must wet my Face;
 O let that Eye to this Sad Feast draw neare,
 That my Complaints with Heaven may find Grace:
 For all the Tears mine Eies have ever Wept,
 Were now too little, had They all been kept.

11

You that have found the Worlds deceitfull Smiles
 Turn'd into frownes; her shining Dayes to Nights
 Of gloomy Terror: You that have known the Wiles
 Of flattrring Friends, and Pleasures false Delights:
 You who have had your Trust betrayd: your Name
 Traduc'd: your selvs made but a Scorn, & Shame.

12

You that abhor the cheerfull Sun, and Day,
 Sighing for Night to cover your Sad Faces;
 You that still feele December for your May:
 Nipt with the Frost of wordly Friends Disgraces:
 You who have trusted all your goods to Sea
 In one fair Vessell, and that cast away:

Come

13

Come sit by Me, and let us vie our Losses ;
Cast up our Cares, and tell our heavy Woes :
Mine will out-swell, out-number all your Crosses,
In Plots, and Counter-plots of secret Foes :
Your stories may draw Water from the Eye :
Mine will draw Blood, & make you bleeding Die.

14

You'l tell how you have vow'd your Faith to some
Fair face, and count her breach of Faith a Crosse :
You'l say her Love, for Love return'd not home ;
But where you lookt for Profit found a Losse :
A Losse indeed, but Losse of earthly Treasure ;
But what's this Loss to Loss of heavenly Pleasure.

15

Love of the World, or worldly creature's Vaine ;
For such a Love now rises, now decays :
And where my Love was such, it prov'd my Pain :
It promis'd Happy, but brought heavy dayes :
Love hath a March and Aprill day :
Yet longer love, and longer may.

16

For the rough Storms of March have crush't my Head
And April Showrs have drown'd my springing Buds
The Beauty of my May is pale as Lead :
And this was Love that forc'd me to the Woods,
To breath my sad Complaints into the Aire,
And bad me (but that Heaven said no) Despaire.

A 4

But

17

But what of these? and what of thousands more?
 These are thy gentler Jerks (O God;) but I
 Have felt thy Iron Rod, that makes me Roare.
 Eternall Horrour, which my Soule would flye,
 Sets everlasting Death before mine Eyes;
 Feare of that Death shakes all my Faculties.

18

O that mine Eyes could gush out Tears, amaine,
 And never cease till my eternall Night,
 Till my Eye floods his Mercy might obtain,
 Whom my Defaults have banisht from his Sight:
 Then could I blesse my Happy time of Crying;
 But, Woe alas! my barren Springs are Dying.

19

The Arrowes of th' Almighty stick so fast
 Within my sides, that their strong Venome drinks
 My Spirits up, my Joyes are gone and past:
 I Sigh and looke to Heaven, yet Heaven winks:
 My Sighs ascend, my Tears fall down, yet none
 In Heaven or Earth, gives ease unto my Moane.

20

Yet Moan & Sigh, my Soul; for though he kill me,
 Still will I hope in him that can release me:
 When I have empti'd all my Sinnes, he'll fill me
 With his Grace; for He alone can ease me.
 Though Weeping may abide at Evening sure
 Joy in the Morning comes, and all's secure.

Why

21

Why art thou then, my Soule, so much cast down?
Or why, poor Heart, thus frettst thou in my breast?
After thy fall, His Favours may be showne;
The righteous for their Tronble finde a Rest;
And though they go forth weeping with their seed
They shal come joyful home, with Sheavs at need.

22

Thrice happy Sinner was that blessed Saint,
Who though He fell with passe of womans last,
Went forth and Wept, with many a bitter Plaint,
And by his Tears obtained Grace at last:
But Wretched I have fell of mine accord,
Ten thousand times against the living Lord:

23

Yet cannot straine one true repentant Teare,
To gain the Blisse from which my Soul is banisht;
My flinty Heart true Sorrowing doth forbear,
And from my sence all true Remorse is vanisht:
For Heart & Sence are cloy'd with Sence of Sin,
That there's no place for Grace to enter in.

24

No place (Dear Lord) unlesse thy Goodness please,
To pittie Him, that worst deserves of any;
And in thy tender Mercy, grant him Ease,
As thou 'tore hast Mercy shew'd to many.
The clouds of Sin do vanish when thy Grace
Enters the Heart; O make my Heart thy Place.

Happy

25

Happy were man, if Sin had never been :
 Thrice Happy now, if Sins he would forsake :
 But Happier far, if for his wicked Sin,
 He would Repent, and hearty Sorrow make,
 Leaving the Droffe, and fleshly Delectation,
 Togain in Heaven a lasting Habitation.

26

There is the Place, wherein all Sorrows dye ;
 Where Joy exceeds all Joyes that ever were ;
 Where Angels make continuall Harmony :
 The Minde set free from Care, Distrust, and Feare ;
 There all receive true Contentation.
 And Happy made, by Heavenly Contemplation.

27

O why should Man, that bears the stamp of Heaven,
 So much decline Heavens holy Will, and Pleasure ?
 O why was Sence and Reason to him given,
 That in his dayly Sins will know no measure ?
 He knows the Sad account that must be made
 For Sin ; yet he makes Sin his dayly trade.

28

This to recount (Dear God) doth kill my Soule,
 But that thy Mercy quickneth it again :
 O heare me Lord in Bitternesse of Dole,
 That of my Sins doe prostrate here Complaine :
 And at thy feet with Mary knock for Grace,
 Though wanting Maries Tears to wet my Face.

When

The Sinners Plea.

1.

29

When She had lost thy presence but one day;
The want was such, her Heart cou d not sustaine,
But to Thy tomb alone She took her way,
And there with Sighs and Tears She did **Complain;**
Nor with Her selfe contented ere was she,
Untill again, She got a sight of Thee.

30

But I have lost thy Presence all my dayes,
And still am slack to seek thee as I should;
My wretched Soule in deadly Sin so stayes,
I am unfit to see thee though I would:
Yet if I would with Tears, Thy coming tend,
To me, as Mary, Thou wouldst prove a friend.

31

Tears are the Key that ope the way to Blisse,
The holy Water quenching Heavens quick Fire:
Th' Atonement true 'twixt God and our amisse:
The Angels drink, the blessed Saints desire,
The Joy of Christ, the Balm of grieved Heart,
The Spring of Life, the Ease of every Smart.

32

O wherefore is my steely Heart so hard?
Why am I made of mettall unrelenting?
Why is all Ghostly Comfort from me bard?
Or to what end do I defer Repenring? (me
Can lustfull Flesh, or flattering World perswade
That I can scape the power of him that made me?
No,

33

No, no : The secret Searcher of each Heart,
 Both sees, and knowes each Deed that I have done ;
 And for each Deed will pay me home with Smart:
 No place can serve His Will decreed to shun :
 I should deceive my selfe to thinke that he
 For Sin would punish others, and not Me.

34

Our first borne Sire, first breeder of mans Thrall,
 For one bare Sin was of Perfection rest,
 And all Mankinde were banisht by his Fall,
 From Paradise, and unto Sorrow left :
 If he for one, and all for him feell Paine ;
 Then for so many, what shall I sustaine ?

35

The Angels made t' attend on God in Glory,
 Were thrust from Heaven for one Sin alone ;
 That but in thought, (for so Records the Story)
 For Which they still in lasting Darknesse Groane :
 If Those once Glorious, thus tormented be ;
 Ah wicked I ! what will become of Me ?

36

What will become of Me, that not in Thought,
 In Thought alone, but in each Word and Deed,
 A thousand thousand deadly Sins have wrought,
 And still do worke, whereat my Heart doth Bleed ?
 For even now, in this my Sad complaining,
 With new made Sins, my flesh, my Soul is staining.

O

37

O that I were remov'd to some close Cave !
Where all alone retired from Delight :
I might my Sighs and Tears untroubled have,
And never come in Wretched worldlings fight,
Whose ill bewitching company still brings
Deep provocation, whence more Danger springs.

38

Ill Company, the cause of many Woes ;
The pleasing Bait that hides the subtle Hooke :
The Rock unseen, that shipwrackt souls orethrows:
The weeping Crocodile that kills with looke :
How Many Souls have perisht by thy Guile,
Whom thou hast led to Hell even with a smile ?

39

O who will give me Tears that I may Waile,
Both Nights and Dayes, the Dangers I have past ?
My Soul my Soul, tis much for thy availe,
That thou art gotten from their straits at last :
O Joy ! but in thy Joy mix Tears withall,
That Thou hast time to say, Lord heare me call.

40

I might as others Lord, have perished
Amid my Sins, and damnable Delights; (cherished
But thou (Good God) with care my Soule hast
And brought it home to look on heavenly Lights :
Ah me ! what Thanks, what Service can I render
To thee, that of my safety art so tender ?

Now

41

Now do I curse the time I ever went
 In Sins black Path that leadeth to Damnation;
 Now do I hate the houres I have mis-spent
 In Idle Vice, neglecting Soules Salvation;
 And to redeeme the time I have mis-worne,
 I wish this houre I were againe New-borne.

42

But vaine it is (as saith the Wisest man)
 To call againe the Day, that once is past;
 O let me see what best is for me than,
 To gaine thy Favour, whilst my life doth last,
 That in the Next, I may but-worthy be,
 Even in the meanest place to wait on Thee.

43

I will as did the Prodigall Son sometimes,
 Upon my knees with hearty true Contrition,
 And weeping Eyes, confesse my former Crimes,
 And humbly beg upon my low Submission,
 That thou wilt not of former Faults detect me,
 But like a loving Father now respect me.

44

Even thus will I in Sorrowing spend my breath,
 And spot my Face with never-dying Teares,
 Till aged wrinckles, Messengers of Death,
 Have purchas'd Mercy, and remov'd my Feares;
 And then the world within my looks shall read,
 The pitious Wrack unbridled Sin hath made.

And

45

And that which was a Pleasure to behold,
Shall be to mee an ever-gripping Paine ;
All my misdeeds shall one, and one be told,
That I may see what Tyrants have me slaine ;
And when I have thus mustered them apart,
I will display on each a bleeding Heart.

46

And lest my Tears should faile me at most need,
Before Faiths face Ile fix my Saviours Passion,
And see how His most precious side did Bleed,
And note His Death, and Torment in such fashion,
As never man the like did undertake ;
For Freely He hath done it for my sake.

47

If this his Mercy, and his kindnesse showne,
Cannot provoke me unto tender Crying ;
Then will I back again turne to My owne,
Mine own Sins cause of His most cruell Dying ;
And if for them no Tears mine Eyes can finde ;
Sighs shall cause Tears, Tears make my poor Eyes

48

(blinde.

Till I have found Him whom my Soul doth love,
Till Winter passe, and birds of Spring returne,
Till He my Heart shall thoroughly try, and prove,
And make it with His heavenly Love to burne :
Then to the world His Praise will I enrowle,
And tell what he hath done for my poor Soule.

Weeping

49

Weeping, and Praising will I walke and goe,
 Weeping for Sin, and Praising for his Love,
 Untill this Flesh to Dust the world shall throw,
 And he my Soule to Paradise remove;
 Where with the Quire of Angels I shall sing
 Blest Hallelujah's to our heavenly King:

50

Whose Throne the Saints and Martyrs still attend;
 Crownes on their heads, and Palmes claspt in their
 Enjoying all the Joys that have no End; (Hands,
 Freed from their Sins, and Satans heavy Bands.
 This is thy Power, & Love (Great God) that we
 That were thy Foes, shall have such Peace with
 (Thee.

FINIS.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.
14.
15.
16.
17.
18.
19.
20.
21.
22.
23.
24.
25.
26.
27.
28.
29.
30.
31.
32.
33.
34.
35.
36.
37.
38.
39.
40.
41.
42.
43.
44.
45.
46.
47.
48.
49.
50.
51.
52.
53.
54.
55.
56.
57.
58.
59.
60.
61.
62.
63.
64.
65.
66.
67.
68.
69.
70.
71.
72.
73.
74.
75.
76.
77.
78.
79.
80.
81.
82.
83.
84.
85.
86.
87.
88.
89.
90.
91.
92.
93.
94.
95.
96.
97.
98.
99.
100.